

S 1199
B24 B4
874
Copy 1

BEHEMOTH;

OR,

BULLS OF BASHAN.

THE BOOK OF THE PERIOD.

BY MASDAMA.

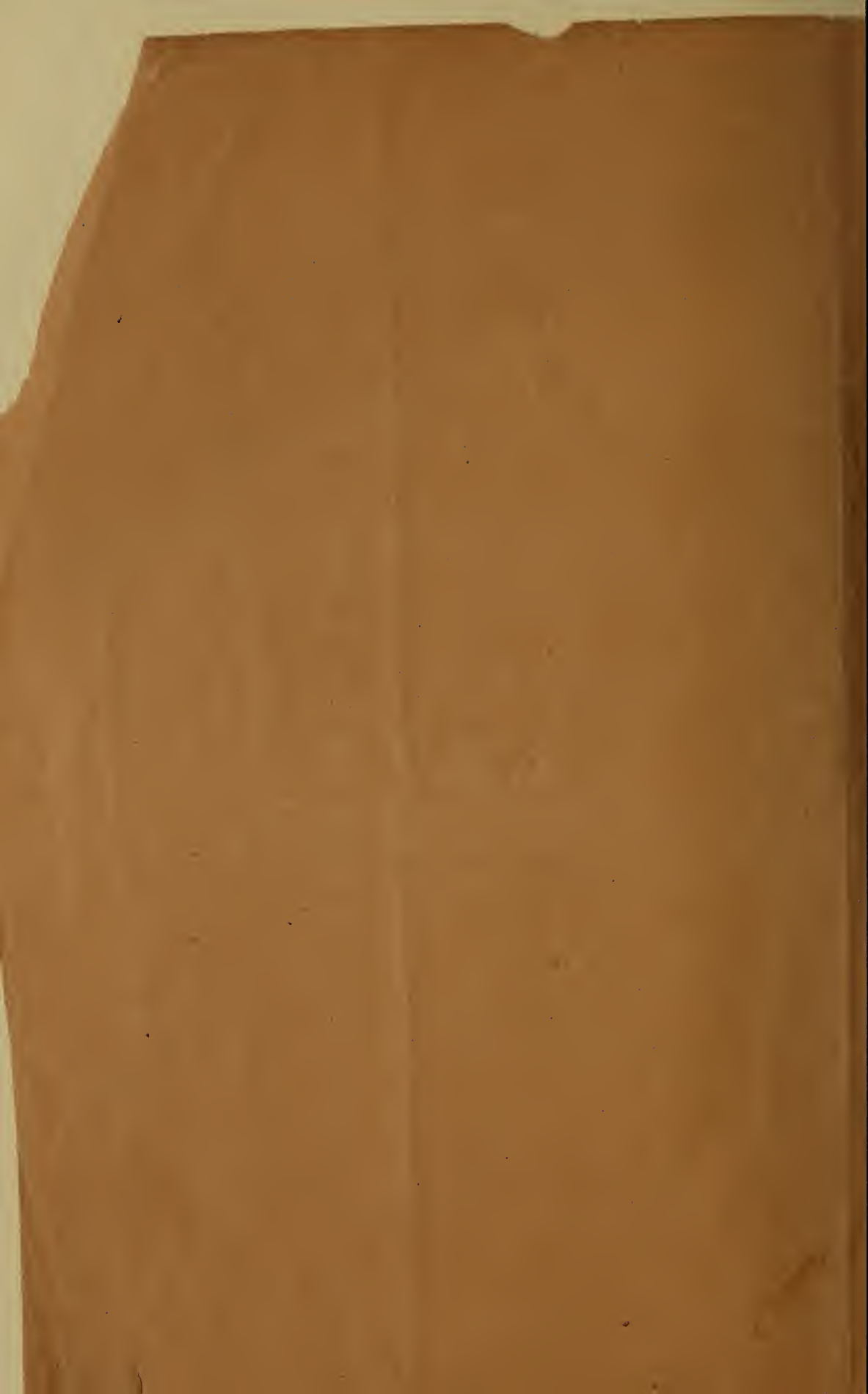
*"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature;—to show Virtue her own
feature, scorn his own image, and the very age and body of the time, his
form and pressure.—HAMLET.*

COPYRIGHT SECURED.

New York:

THE CENTRAL PRINTING HOUSE.

242 CANAL STREET.



BEHEMOTH;
OR,
BULLS OF BASHAN.

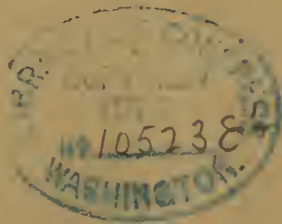
THE BOOK OF THE PERIOD.

BY MASDAMA.

Benjamin Buck.

*“ To hold, as ’twere, the mirror up to Nature ;—to show Virtue her own
feature, scorn his own image, and the very age and body of the time, his
form and pressure.—HAMLET.*

COPYRIGHT SECURED.



New York :
THE CENTRAL PRINTING HOUSE,
242 CANAL STREET.

1874.

BEHEMOTH;
OR,
BULLS OF BASHAN.

THE BOOK OF THE PERIOD.

BY MASDAMA.

*"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to Nature ;—to show Virtue her own
feature, scorn his own image, and the very age and body of the time, his
form and pressure.—HAMLET.*

COPYRIGHT SECURED.



New York :
THE CENTRAL PRINTING HOUSE,
242 CANAL STREET.

1873

PS 1199

B24 B4

1874

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1874, by

BENJAMIN BUCK,

in the Office of Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

BEHEMOTH; OR BULLS OF BASHAN.

Jonathan makes his ignorance know more,
Go faster, farther than all classic lore ;
With him the *now*, pays better than the yore :
This is the fledgeling of our sprightly Fanny ;
 Being a woman, she could well conceive ;
Though our *accoucherie* be not *ower canny*,
 Yet her conceptions "chipper" and *qui vive*
 The chicks of her *ausbring* were sure to live.

Oh, thou most courted, flatter'd freedom-screacher,
Of full physique and smooth salacious feature ;
Does freedom, then, mean license to the creature?

One might conclude that under the broad heaven
No other name of saving power is given ;—
Whether in halls of wealth or haunts of penury
Each gull swears by the holy name of Henry ;
No other gospel or vaticination
Points out the way to the improv'd salvation ;
And e'en the slums, upheld by thy example
So thinly veil'd, accept it as *en sample*.

Great was Ephesian Dian in her day ;
Greater at Sparta, when her wholesome sway
Chastis'd all am'rous youth who went astray.

But Brooklyn's demigod lays over all,
Sun-god, or Luna-dea ; not St. Paul
Could vie with Henry W. *en role*.

Who, "all things unto all men," and some women,
Bland huckle-berry unto mild persimmon,—
His flexile sail to shifting zephyrs trimming.

Presiding o'er his "Congregation" numerous,
Now serious, and now pand'ring, often humorous ;
As lofty, yet more politic than Homerus.

Not freedom strain'd, nor puritanic guile,
 Can veil the lib'ral dodge, nor pious wile ;—
 Restrain thy flash, oh, fashionable preacher !
 Invoke not God, as if thou wert His teacher ;
 Or would'st essay to be His over-reacher ;
 Such prayer is mock'ry, insincere beseecher !

Some have pav'd Hell ; you tessellated Heaven,
 Flesh-tinted all the courts of number seven ;
 You beautified the architraves with gilding,
 And renovated the entire building !

You please all Gotham ; and this being so,
 You do out-michael Michael Angelo,
 Or any other Michael, high or low.

Halleck, for slender cause, tabooed " Red Jacket,"
 As incompatible with rhyme ; no bracket,
 Distich, or triplet found on which to tack it :

And there's dead-lock in rhyme for thy cognomen,
 Whether in modern Greek, or classic Roman ;
 Thou priest of Jockies, and thou prince of Showmen !

We cannot give it ; the whole Nine protest,
 And we are griev'd ;—it would give piquant zest,
 And od'rous sanctity to all the rest,
 Enshrining us in fame, from East to West.

Nor " poet's magic," nor the art Alchemic,
 May win the concord of sweet sounds to mimic
 The syllables of thy sweet patronymic.

We dare not venture all, oh, Henry Double
 You, are so modest that the view might trouble
 Your saponaceous sport, you soft-soap bubble !

You claim to be a saint of common sense,
 Nor shall we controvert that just pretence ;
 But just suggest with studied deference.

To see, to hear, to touch, to taste, to smell,

Tho' serving common-sense requirements well,
 Are *not* the graces which preserve from Hell ;
 Of the earth, earthy, you brave Christianity,
 With all its strain'd assumption of urbanity,
 Can rise no higher than its spring-head Vanity !

And you confess, albeit, without compunction,
 But with a certain condescending unction,
 That notwithstanding your exalted function
 You sometimes rip an expletive, or so,
 To ease your spleen, or mitigate some woe,
 Too deep for utt'rance, or too sad for show.

(" Now the man Moses, was exceeding meek,"
 If he upon his own behalf may speak ;
 And never swore but in the case oblique).

Yet *that* more eminent and pious David,
His swearing was both furious and gravid ;
 What time his envoys were by Ammon shav-ed.

And you admit, nay, boast, that you can swear,
 (But sotto-voce, lest the Lord may hear)
 And sometimes bravely give the door a slam,
 And in your humor bang a wooden damn ;
 Giving it emphasis, lest something worse
 Blasphemously explode into a curse !

Yet hast thou lofty precedent for this,
 When loyal Peter chides the officious miss ;
 And having " ripp'd with old Euripides,"
 May'st graduate thy swear to thine own ease.
 But to our theme :—the treasury is ample,
 Judg'd by the crowding figures of the sample :

Thy great dishonor'd Master once was tempted
 Full forty days ; his nights were not exempted ;
 But how does thy superior merit shine?
 His ordeal was brief compar'd with thine ;
 Not merely forty days, but forty years,

Witness thy travail in that vale of tears,
 The wilderness of Gotham and environs,
 Elbow'd by satyrs, and allur'd by syrens ;
 How squeez'd thy tender youth thro' all the snares
 Of all the pits thy braver manhood dares !

The hazards of thy youth o'erpast and gone,
 The docile acolyte assumes the lawn ;
 Call'd by the voice of sweetly pious people
 To minister the rites 'neath Plymouth steeple,
 The Brooklyn temple of the lesser gods,
 Where Venus languishes, while Juno nods.

Here the great Pastor leads his blatant flock
 Within the shelt'ring clefts of Plymouth-Rock,
 While sore-head rams in jealous combat's shock
 Their ammonite contortions interlock ;
 Or some o'er taxed and heavy-horned buck

Recalls the prestige of his youth's renown ;
 Essays to run a last and desp'rate muck,

Albeit it win for him the martyr's crown !
 But here, our slender powers, all too weak,
 We yield the floor to let Victoria speak ;
 She of the flashing eye, and daring cheek ;
 The Pythia of the Woodhull-Claffin clique :

(Somehow, you failed to melt the Woodhull much,
 She did not fuse 'neath your magnetic touch ;
 So, sav'd her vestal cincture from your clutch :

Tho' not mal-a-propos, 'twas *mal-a-droit*,
 It was not in your light, the medium saw it ;
 And would not do it worth a single doit :

Although t'was well-proposed, that stroke of genius,
 The *entente-cordiale* purpose quite ingenious ;
 You fail'd, and with a failure ignominious :

Victoria, still victorious in that tilt,
 Preserv'd her spotless skirt from Tilton guilt ;

She did not harmonize, and would not wilt.

With her affinity being still content,
 She did not burn to any mark'd extent,
 Nor to your well-meant overtures consent,
 This Anthrice of the sapphic element.

Yet she with gen'rous frankness still concedes
 That, judg'd less by thy words than by thy deeds,
 Thou art pre-emminent in *social* needs.)

" Since that immense physical potency,
 " And that indomitable ur-gency,
 " Demanding ever such intimacy,
 " As cultured women still accord to thee ;
 " Are of the noblest, grandest gifts of heaven
 " To thee great typal Priapidon ! given :
 " For five-and-twenty years has Plymouth fed,
 " Upon the drippings from thy Jovian head ;
 " Not to descend into the lower system
 " Thou hast dispens'd these treasures, and ne'er missed
 'em."

" Amative emanations were the dower,
 " Of all who courted thy magnetic power ;—
 " This grand amative nature, is not then
 " The worst, but best endowment giv'n to men,
 " And chief of God's best gifts unto the race,
 " Blessing the sexes in their fond embrace !

" The tender, loving, womanly concessiveness,
 " Responsive to thine ardor, and impressiveness ;"
 " The love of loving, and of being lov'd,"
 (The vital point by Mrs. Tilton prov'd)
 " Are not the bad things which the world supposes,
 " Or still affect to ban, neath pious glozes :
 " On the contrary, they are still the best,
 " Most beautiful, divinest, loveliest,
 " Which e'er our earthly patrimony blest."

“ And so, ’twas not the amiable congressus,
 “ Of these two loves, *au-dessous* and *au-dessus* ;
 “ Nor, that kind nature bless’d that fond embrace
 “ With one more contribution to the race,
 “ Which ask for reprobation or disgrace :
 “ But, on the other hand, quite the reverse,
 “ Most laudable, and good, and reimburse,
 “ That Eden *faux pas*, which might have been worse ;
 “ But here, and here alone exists the curse ;
 “ T’is in the false, factitious *ipse dixit*
 “ Wherewith society assumes to fix it ;
 “ Insisting on the genitive *singulariter*
 “ When God and nature indicate *pluraliter* :—
 “ It lies in the compulsory hypocrisy
 “ Inwrought within our marital autocracy ;
 “ And in the lasting inj’ry to community
 “ Where private rights embarrass opportunity ! ”

And now to thee, oh sainted Theodore !
 Howe’er thy grievances we may deplore ;
 Now since thy spouse has made thee fit for heaven
 Thou knowest best how *much* may be forgiven :

Four years of agony, yet not of doubt,
 Have drawn at length thy gentle spirit out,
 To dare *a-l’outrance* the final bout ;—
 The world awaits the shock with bated breath
 To see the day of battle and of death ! ”

“ Can’st thou draw out Leviathan with a hook ? ”
 Or bring the great Un-Commoner to book ;—
 Aye, “ can’st thou put a hook into his nose ”
 “ Or bore his jaw with the thorn ” of thy expose ?
 “ Will he make supplication unto thee,
 “ And with soft words ” essay thy clemency !
 “ Or, will he make a covenant with thee,
 “ Binding himself forever to thy knee ; ”

Or if his glorious manhood so aspire,
 This god of St. Elizabeth's desire,
 Wilt thou permit his worship to climb higher !
 " And wilt thou play with him as with a bird,
 " Or bind him for thy maidens ? " in a word,
 " Shall thy companions dress him for a feast "
 A cold collation, or a lunch, at least ;—
 Say, " wilt thou fill his skin with barb'd harpoons,
 " His head with fish-spears," and his heart with *stunes* ?
 Will he appeal to thee with piteous " suzz "
 To stay the " neezings " of thy threaten'd buzz ?
 " Restrain thine hand ! consider," do no more ;
 Thou may'st regret the conflict ere tis o'er ;—
 " He makes the sea to boil as 'twere a pot,"
 And thus may make Manhattan isle too hot
 For thee and thy self-vindicating plot.
 " Oh, that mine enemy would write a book ! "
 Well, thou has written one ; but we shall look
 For that expose with disappointed eye
 'Twill be enjoined before the ink is dry ;—
 You will at first protest and rave, and *yet* you shall
 Consent to see the injunction made perpetual ;
 A higher power than the Chanc'ry Court,
 Will interpose to cut the matter short ;—
 You need not gold, 'tis said ; yet graver claims
 Rise to commend your copy to the flames ;
 For you have children, and you have a heart,
 (Howbeit crush'd, beneath a wittol's part)
 To screen their mother from detraction's dart !
 Your foes have laid the toils with skill and care,
 Detach'd your wife, and drill'd her how to swear ;
 And though your saintly patience may not fail,
 Yet must you bend before the rising gale
 Or else be swept to heav'n through Bloomingdale !
 We all concede, oh, fam'd, and rev'rend Enricus !
 Thou art a most transcendant extraordinary cuss
 Who might be aptly nam'd " *Eroticos*."
 Yet be advis'd, Cupidon, of the hour ;
 Saturnine shafts ne'er win the erotic dower ;
 'Tis but thy golden arrows which have power :
 Whether on Wilton-rug supinely wilting,

Or with the Woodhull or the Tilton tilting,
O'er this fine patch-work piece of Plymouth quilting.

Just one word more, Lothario, in your ear,
Between *nous nous*, (a curious world might hear)
The earthquake past, *the end is very near* :

Your late recension of the Prodigal son
Has a most apt significancy, won,
'Tis true, by cunning, rather overdone.

It was not to the world of fast young men
You flung this *morceau* of the lib'ral pen ;
This new-light lamp to light your free-love den :

So much as to your own suspended cause
You meant the moral unction ;—we may pause
To bow before the self-implied applause !

You prov'd "the better fellow of the two ;"
And Theodore has nothing left to do
But yield the palm and "fatted calf" to you !

You've had "your fling ;" 'tis all in the past tense,
And your *potential mood* must soon go hence
Into the grave of murder'd confidence :

Of the dirt, dirty, your effete virility
And vaunted gifts of physical ability
Are but the *tromperie* of *blase* senility !

We know the gravity of thy great name,
Which is so greeted in the world's acclaim,
Striding the top-most pinnacle of fame.

We know how dear unto the "Congregation,"
How very precious to the Pilgrim Nation
Is your upbolster'd saintly reputation :

We have all due respect for Plymouth Rock,
And deprecate the financial shock
Which threatens to unsettle Plymouth Stock.

Ply then thy mouth, mouth-piece of pious Plymouth,
"Chief of the ways of God" sublime Behemoth !

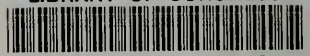
But with thine *acts* another gospel tell,
Pleasing thy pliant auditors as well,
We may say *better*, since 'tis thy commission
To be th' Apostle of the stage transition ;
The new-departure, later dispensation

Demanded by a juggling generation !
 Yea, with thine *acts*, another doctrine teach
 Of truths too precious to be given to speech ;
 By *deeds*, not words, the new evangel preach !
 The suasion of thy sensuous lips may fail,
 Then "like a cedar," utilize thy tail ;
 "The sinews of thy strength" being wrapp'd about,
 In this point thou'rt invincible, no doubt ;
 If Jordan fail to satiate thy drouth,
 Long Island Sound invites thy liq'rish mouth !
 Thou hierophant of license priest and clown,
 Whose well-turn'd mots delight the flippant town,
 Turning the sanctities all upside down !
 So Jocko scales the tall aspiring mast,
 To show admiring crowds his genious vast ;
 And tho' with brisk ambition he ascend,
 Disgust still rises with his caudal end !
 Thou later Apis ; sacred Mophian Bull !
 Whose signs being perfect, and indicia full,
 Make thee idol of the " Congregation,"
 And golden calf of modern veneration :
 Or like that comely Bos at Minos' court,
 Enamour'd Pasiphae's *dernier resort* ;
 Causing much scandal, and a sad report
 Against Daedalus who work'd the wires
 To gratify Pasiphae's desires—
 (But then all Crete, were immemorial liars :
 The thing was compass'd by the artist's skill,
 And Paisphae was pacified at will,
 Getting, 'tis said, her Minotaurian fill !
 Now that all Bashaw elevates its bawl,
 St. Theodore—who plays the cow-herd's *role*
 In this divertisement—goes to the wall.
 Yea, to the wall goes godly Theodore,
 Cow'd and distraught by the bucolic roar ;
 Whence he may ape Daedalus no more !
 Then may his lithe Europa hope to find
 Upon the shore some Zeus, tame and kind,
 To swim with her in safety unto Crete,
 Long Branch, or other midsummer retreat,
 Where mingling with the meadow-scented herd

Rejoin her god in dalliance long deferr'd ;
 And in a cloud of saintly frankincense,
 Sail all the heaven of pleasureable sense ;
 Forgetting Theo, and her "maiden flame"
 To riot in a womanhood of shame ;
 This "white-souled" vestal and "concessive" dame !
 Who gives one half her heart, and all her *lyra*,
 While with calm front, persistent as Sapphira
 She swears to each, and all, and ev'rything
 To screen herself, and her deposed king ;
 "She has loved much," yet this uncandid bias,
 Bodes danger to herself and Ananias !
 Now unto you, God-mocking "Congregation,"
 And Christian templars of free-love persuasion,
 Ye errant champions of "concessive" beauty,
 Sworn to the cross of pleasure, as of duty ;
 "I have somewhat" to say, (however bold,
 To quote the strain of Patmos' exile old),
 "Why can you not be, then, or hot or cold ?"
 If on cool Christian chastity intent,
 Why clothe your consecrated Plymouth tent
 With such luxurious waste of ornament ?
 Is it a love-pavillion of the gods ;—
 Or Lust-Haus, for the pleasure-seeking squads
 Who throng its aisles, or press its cushion'd pews,
 Or laze its altars with the gaudiest hues
 Won from the garden or conservatoire,
 Sweeted-scented off'rings to your great Bashaw ;
 Who most benignly flings his 'kerchief down
 As *gage d'amour* to all the blessed town !
 Why to a pampered and false shepherd cling,
 False to his God, himself, and all the "Ring !"
 The mutual admiration of your scheme,
 Weak in the bottom, fails at length to hold ;
 And the rose-tinted promise of your dream,
 Fades neath the Light ;—"would ye were hot or cold !"

Were there one honest soul in all your lot,
 To heed the Pythia's oracle, God-wot,
 Ye might decide the question, cold, or hot ;—
 But since being *fleshly*, ye would pass for fish,
 Or fowl or "butter, in a lordly dish ;"
 "Lukewarm," as well as "common and unclean ;"
 "We spew ye out ;" and wash our mouths, serene !

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 775 321 6